Stories of American Pioneers

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STORIES

OF

AMERICAN PIONEERS

DANIEL BOONE
LEWIS AND CLARK
FREMONT
KIT CARSON

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
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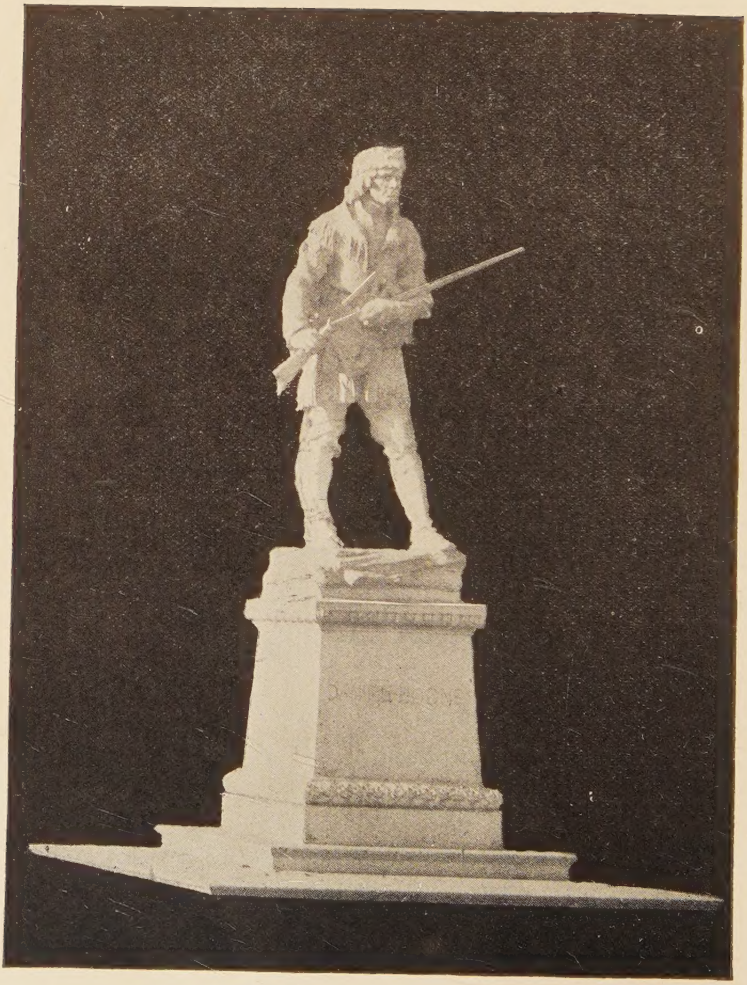


STORY OF DANIEL BOONE.

1735 — 1820.

Daniel Boone was a Pennsylvania boy. He lived in Exeter, then a very little town sixty miles from Philadelphia.

Even when a boy he showed rare pluck and courage.

One day he was at play in the woods with two other boys, when a wild yell echoed through the forests.

The boys turned pale with fright; for they well knew nothing but a panther could make that cry.

Every boy seized his rifle; for in those days boys always carried rifles with them.

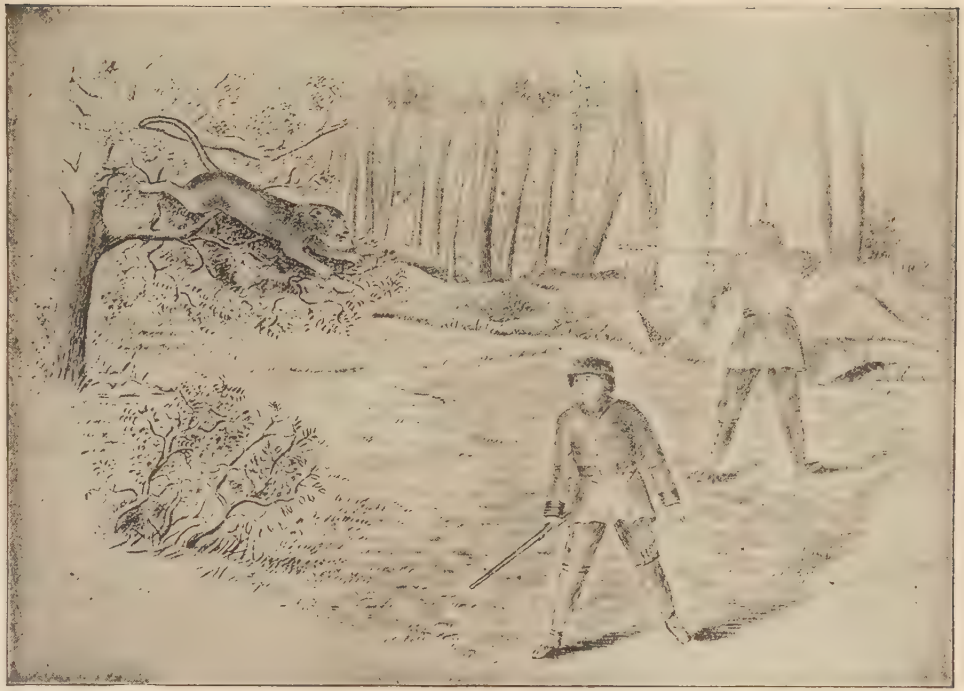
The panther with another yell leaped from the great rock to the limb of a tree. Then he set his yellow eyes upon the boys and crept towards them.

"Stay here," said Boone to the boys. "I will run towards the creature. If I fail to shoot him, and he attacks me, come and help."

Then Daniel crept towards the panther. He held his rifle ready, and, as the fierce animal sprang from the tree, he fired.

Snap! snap! went the rifle; and the panther, with another yell, fell at the young hunter's feet, dead.

The boys dragged the creature into the village, and all the people came to look at the panther that little Dan Boone had killed.



DANIEL BOONE KILLING THE PANTHER.

From this time, Daniel began to spend much of his time in the forests. He loved the big trees; and to him there was no such sport as hunting.

One day, while he was prowling up and down the Schuylkill River, he came upon a spot most beautiful.

"What a place for a hut!" he thought. "I will build one." So he sat to work at once.

It was not a log cabin the boy built. O, no; that would not have been wild enough to suit his taste.

In one place there were two great rocks close together. The sides were steep, as if sometime the rock had split apart.

"This will make a fine cave," he said. So he cleared away the small rocks between, and covered the floor over with clean, dry leaves.

Then he built up a back for his cave, and covered it with a roof of twigs and grasses.

With stones he made a place to do his cooking; he piled up leaves in one corner to make a bed for himself and his dog, and then his hut was finished.

"How would you like to live here, old fellow?" he said, patting the head of his faithful friend.

The dog looked up into his master's face, and wagged his tail.

He understood and Daniel understood; so they went into their hut and went to sleep.

For several days the boy and the dog lived there — the happiest boy and the happiest dog in all the world.

But, by and by, Daniel's parents began

to fear some accident had happened to the boy; and then the men of the village set out into the forest to find him.

They came one morning just as Daniel was cooking his breakfast. The smoke poured out through the little hole in the roof of the hut.

"There he is!" they cried; and started towards the hut.

"Good morning," they said, when they came upon Daniel hard at work at the doorway of his new home.

So Daniel had "company for breakfast;" and when, a few hours later, his guests went back to the village, he went back with them.

But he always said he never had such a good time in all his life as he had that week alone in the woods.

WESTWARD.

By and by, Daniel's parents moved to North Carolina. Daniel liked the change, for it was warmer there, and he could live in the woods the whole year round if he wished.

Here, in Carolina, Daniel grew to be a man. He was very happy, farming and hunting. And when the Cherokee Indian war broke out, he was one of the most daring heroes in that war.

But it was when Daniel left his Carolina home and went west that the wonderful part of his life began.

When the Cherokees were driven west-

WESTWARD.

ward. white settlers began to hear of the wonderful country beyond the mountains.

They were told that the soil was very fertile; that it was a rich farming country; that game was plenty; and that there was iron and silver in the mines.

It was the fur traders who brought back these marvellous stories.

Later parties of white men began to take journeys into this new country. They found it as beautiful as the fur traders had said.

"I will go, too," said Daniel Boone; so he packed his knap-sack and started out.

We know it was as early as 1760 that Daniel Boone went west; for he cut some words on a beech tree, and the date, 1760. This old tree was standing until only a few years ago.

The words Daniel Boone cut were these

D. Boon

CillED	A Bar	On
in	ThE	Tree
yEAR	1760	

You see, from this, that Daniel was not an educated man. He could not always spell as he should. And he does n't seem to have quite understood the use of capitals.

But we must remember there were no schools in those days, except in the towns and villages. If a boy learned to read easy words and could write his name, that was enough.

In 1769, Daniel Boone became acquainted with James Findley. Findley was a successful Kentucky trader. Each time he came back to Carolina, he had wonderful stories to tell.

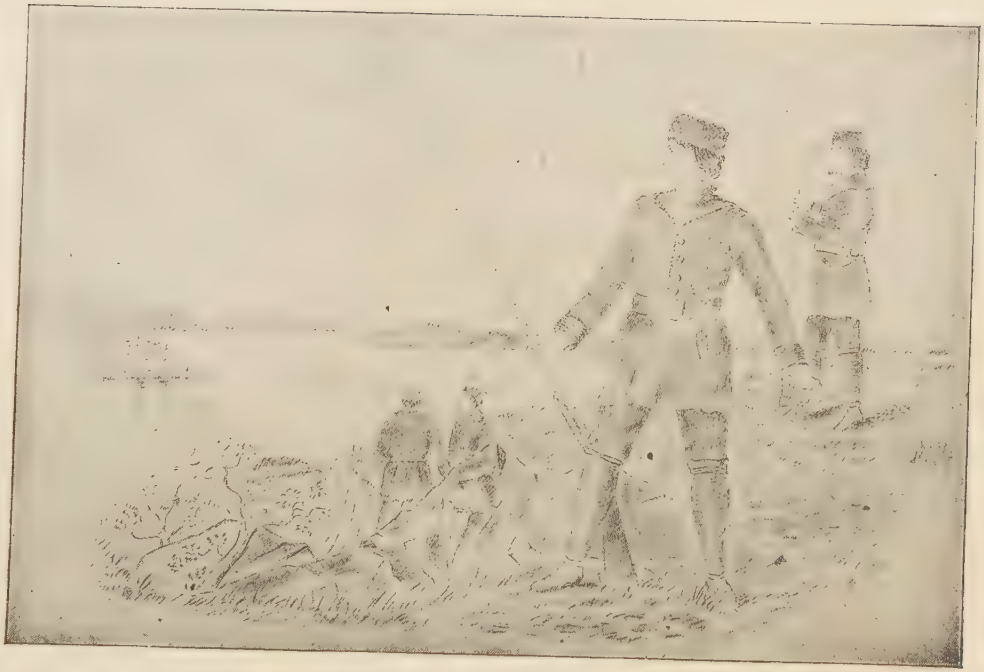
It was with James Findley and four other daring men, John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Murray and William Cool, that Boone first set out into the wild west.

They traveled through forests so dense that the sunlight could not peep through; they swam across rivers; and they climbed up and down rocky mountains.

There were hostile Indians on every side. At any time an arrow might come whizzing out from behind a tree at them. At night the wolves howled and the panthers yelled.

At last they gained a peak of the Cumberland, and looked down upon the beautiful fields of Kentucky.

There lay the sparkling Kentucky river, and up and down its banks herds of buffalo were grazing.



BOONE'S FIRST VIEW OF KENTUCKY.

In this valley the six hunters made their camp, and there they spent the winter.

Late in December, Daniel Boone and John Stuart started towards Ohio to hunt and explore the country. They had seen no Indians up to this time. But one day, while they were hunting on the banks of the Kentucky, a band of savages sprang out from the tall grasses and attacked them.

Of course, two men were helpless before so many Indians.

The savages seized them by the arms and led them away.

"We must not be afraid. We must pretend to be interested in the wigwam life of these people," said Boone.

"I have heard that when a captive appears to enjoy his new life in the camp of his captors, they are not likely to kill him."

The Indians began, after a time, to treat them as guests.

So the two men pretended to be greatly interested in the camp to which their captors took them.

They played with the little children. They helped to grind the corn. They showed the Indians how to build cabins. They helped their captors to gather the thick cane brake, and to prepare the game for cooking.

Then the Indians began to treat them as friends. They grew less watchful of them. By and by, they did not tie them at all when night-time came. They allowed them to sleep in the wigwams, as free as the warriors themselves.

But all this time Boone and Stuart were on the watch.

One night the Indians were very tired.

They had been hunting all day long, and so slept heavily.

In the middle of the night, the two men crept out from their wigwam.

They crept softly into the thicket and made their way towards the river. All night long they ran; and when morning came they hid again in the dense forests.

When the Indians knew their captives had fled, they ran in all directions. Once Boone heard them not far away; but they did not find the white men, and soon gave up the search.

Then Boone and Stuart hurried down the river till they came at last to the old camp.

But a strange thing had happened. The camp was deserted, and not a man was to be found.

THE INDIANS RAN IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

The cabin, though in ruins, was still standing. And near by was a pile of logs still burning.

Boone and Stuart waited, thinking the four companions must have gone out to hunt.

"And still they would not have left their camp unguarded," said Boone.

"There seem to be signs of a struggle or massacre," said Stuart.

But whatever had or had not happened, the four men never came back to their camp. And no one, to this day, has ever known what became of them.

The Indians round about were questioned, but they all declared they did not know. Certainly the men did not return to Carolina; and so the fate of these four men is still a mystery.

DANIEL BOONE ALONE IN THE WILDNESS.

THE COMING OF BOONE'S BROTHER.

Boone and Stuart were now all alone in the deep forests. They had very little ammunition, and they knew there was danger on every side.

They built a log cabin for themselves and plastered it over with mud. This plaster kept out the rain and snow. And, besides, the men could conceal themselves better in mud huts in case of attack from the red men.

For a long time the two men lived here alone. It was winter, and they dared not set out to travel homeward until the snow was gone.

One day in midwinter, two white men appeared before the cabin. Never were two

white men so glad to see two other white men.

And the greatest surprise of all was that the two men were from Boone's Carolina home. They had come in search of Daniel and the other men of the party.

One of the men was Squire Boone, Daniel's own brother. "We were worried about you," said he; "and so started out to find you. We thought you might need food and ammunition.

"Indeed we do," said Boone. "You have not come a day too soon."

"But where are the other men?"

Then Boone and Stuart told the story of their own capture and the empty camp they had found on their return.

Fortunately, the two new-comers had brought a good supply of ammunition.

"Now," said Boone, "we will begin hunt-

ing in good earnest. Stuart and I will hunt, and you two shall prepare the skins. Then when spring comes we will go back to Carolina and sell our furs."

So each day Boone and Stuart went out into the forests, and each night they brought home their game.

They had little fear, for the red men were not apt to be prowling about the forests in the winter.

But in some way, the Indians heard that the white men were living in the old camp, and they determined to watch for them.

The white men suspected no danger; but one day as they were tramping through the forest, a volley of arrows poured in upon them. Indians were firing upon them from among the bushes and behind trees.

Boone and Stuart raised their guns, but

it was too late. Another volley came and Stuart fell dead. Boone fled to a thicket and managed to escape. Only a day or two after, Squire Boone's companion returned home, and the two brothers were left alone.

It was very lonely then in the cabin, and when spring came, Daniel's brother took what skins they had prepared and went back to Carolina.

"I will get horses and ammunition, Daniel," he said, "but why not come home with me?"

But Daniel loved the forests, and would not leave them. Solitary and alone, he roamed the forests for two months, before his brother again found him. Together they then set out exploring the country.

Daniel found a beautiful place on the Kentucky river, and made up his mind that he would make a home for his family there.

Two years passed, however, before he returned to North Carolina. Then his brother with his family, Daniel's family and five other families, set out for the Kentucky home.

They brought five horses loaded with household goods, and three cows. Forty other men afterwards joined them. They were sure so large a company could protect themselves from the Indians; and so felt happy and secure.

But alas! even before they had reached their new home, the red men fell upon them, and a fierce battle followed.

Several of the white people were slain; and all were discouraged. "Let us go no farther," they said, "into the wilderness. Let us return."

So they returned to a settlement on the Clinch river in Virginia, and Daniel Boone went and lived there with them.

He stayed only a few months, for the governor of Virginia sent him back into Kentucky to find some surveyors of a company that had been sent out there. No sooner had Daniel again returned than a company, called the Transylvania Company, was formed to purchase Kentucky from the Indians who claimed it.

They wished to make a settlement out there, and they knew no one braver than Boone to place in charge of the party.

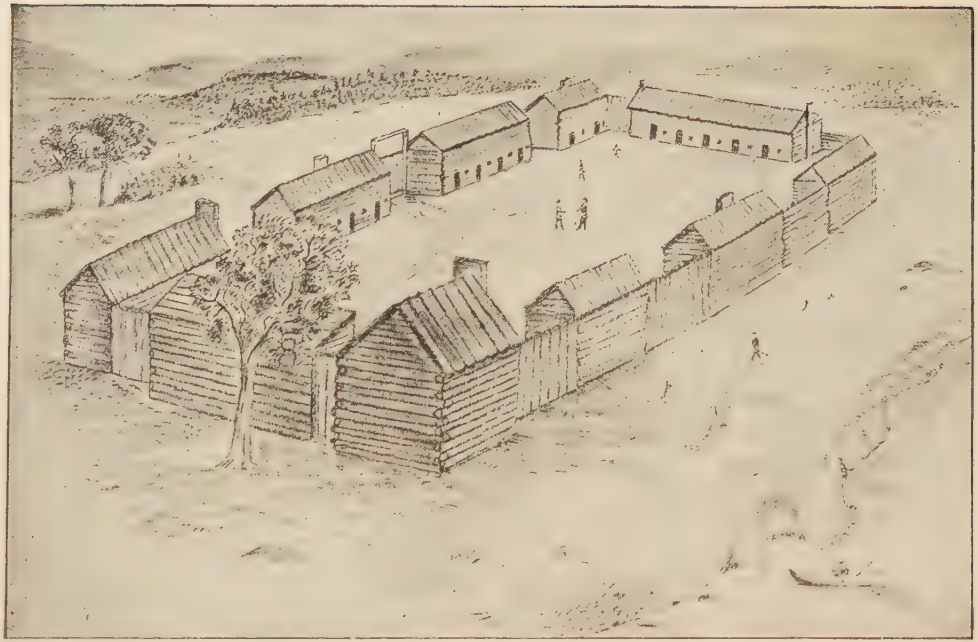
It was dangerous business. They had to make a roadway through the wilderness, but Boone gladly set out. When they reached the Kentucky river, they began building a fort. Three times the savages attacked them, and each time some of the white men were killed.

THE NEW HOME.

But Daniel Boone was not the man to be driven back. The fort was raised, palisades constructed; and not until all was done did Boone return to his home on the Clinch.

The settlement was named Boonesboro, in honor of its daring leader; and, by and by, Daniel and his family moved out to it, bringing many other families with them.

The new colony prospered. In a year there were three hundred people living there. For a long time there had been no trouble with the Indians. The people were beginning to think there would be no trouble with them ever again.



THE FORT AT BOONESBORO. (From an old print.)

But one day when three young girls were rowing in a canoe in the river, the red men sprang out from the reeds along the bank, and dragged the canoe to the opposite shore.

The girls screamed for help, and were heard at the fort.

Men came running down to the water, but it was too late. One of the girls was a daughter of Boone; and when he came in at night from hunting in the forests, the people rushed out to tell him.

Daniel Boone did not even stop to lay down his gun. "Come with me," he said to the men. And away they went to try to find the three captives. For days they traveled through the forests. It was night when, at last, Boone and one companion, who had hurried on ahead, reached the Indian

camp. There the three girls lay asleep, two Indians watching over them.

Bang! bang! went rifles from out of the forests. Two Indians fell. The other Indians were too frightened to move.

Bang! bang! bang! Again the bullets whizzed through the air. Then in rushed Boone's friends. At sight of them, the Indians yelled and ran. They forgot everything in their fright. So the white men had only to untie the three girls and return to their camp.

There was great rejoicing when the party came back safe again.

But the Indians were very angry at the loss of their three captives. They meant to keep them for slaves.

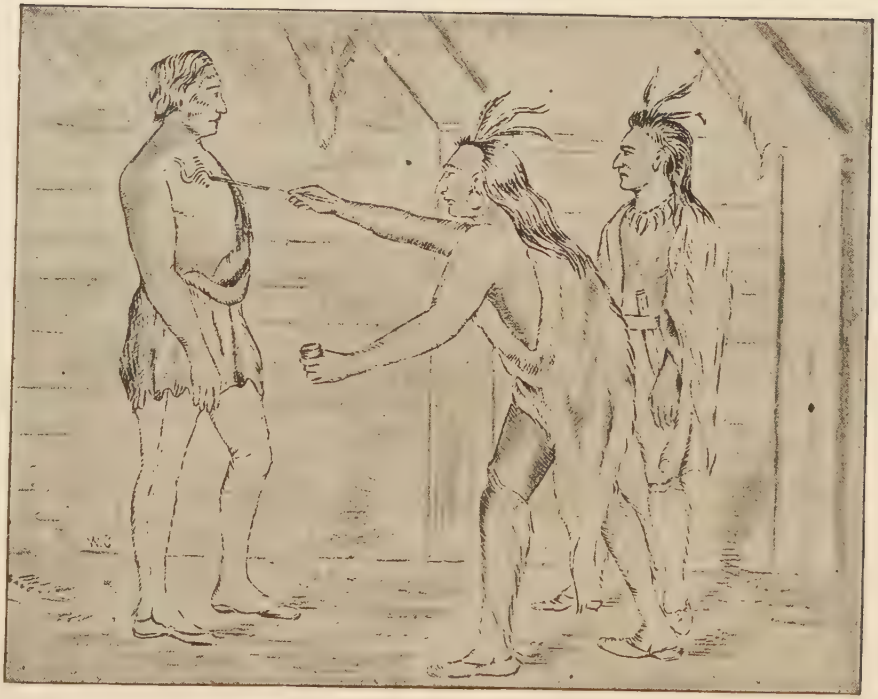
Every little while they would make some attack upon the village. They did not harm the people very much, for sentinels were

always on the watch. But one night they burst upon Boonesboro, meaning to destroy it. There was a large number of the Indians, and they attacked the little settlement on all sides at one time.

It was a hot fight, but the savages were driven off at last, and for a whole year made no further trouble for the white men.

It was in the winter of 1777 and 1778 that the little colony exhausted their supply of salt. They could not live without salt. They could not preserve their meats. Salt they must have.

And so Boone with thirty men started out to Licking Creek. Here there were some salt springs. They obtained the salt by boiling the water of the springs in large kettles. But they had not been long at work, before they were attacked by the Indians.



BOONE BEING PAINTED BY THE INDIANS (From an old print.)

Again Boone was taken prisoner. He knew the little party at the creek could not protect themselves against so many Indians. So he pretended to be pleased that he had fallen into the hands of these Indians. He complimented them on their fine village and their handsome warriors. He feigned great interest in their ways of hunting and fishing He tried to do everything he saw them do, till the Indians were so delighted with him that they decided to adopt him.

This was better than being killed, certainly. So Boone stood as still as a tree while the red men oiled him and painted him and stuck feathers in his hair.

Then they danced and whooped; for this was the way they always did when they adopted any one into their tribe.

All this Boone pretended to enjoy very

much. He, too, danced and whooped, till the Indians were sure he would make a fine warrior.

When the ceremony was over, Boone said, "Come now, let us go find my companions. Let us take them prisoners and carry them to the British camp. The British will take care of them."

So the Indians led Boone to his companions. He gave the white men a sign to do whatever he told them to do.

The men did not know what it all meant; but they knew it must be all right. So they allowed themselves to be taken by the savages and carried to the British camp.

In this way Boone saved his own life and the lives of his companions.

The British were willing to send the other men back to Boonesboro, but Boone they wished to keep in their own camp.

"No, no," the Indians said, "he belongs to us." And Boone was marched back to the home of the Indians.

Poor Boone! his heart was very heavy. He longed to get back to his own people at Boonesboro.

But he was too wise to show that he was unhappy. He pretended that he was glad to go back with the Indians. And when he reached their village, he began at once to make friends with all the people.

He taught them many things; he told them wonderful stories; he danced and sang with them.

By and by, they began to trust him to go out to hunt. At first they watched him. Boone knew they would, so he made no attempt to escape.

They then gave up watching him, but

they counted the shot they gave him. Then when he came in from the hunt, they would count the game and expect him to bring back the right amount of shot.

But Boone soon learned to cut the little bullets in halves, and so make one bullet shoot two birds.

In this way he was soon able to hide away a great deal of shot for his own use later on.

DANIEL BOONE'S ESCAPE.

One night, when Boone came in from a hunt, he found five hundred warriors in the village from a neighboring tribe.

They were covered with war paint, and they had their tomahawks and scalping knives. They were on their way to Boonesboro. They had come to join Boone's tribe; then they would attack the fort together.

Boone pretended not to notice what they said. He pretended to be too tired to talk. But when the Indians were asleep, he started out from his wigwam. He crawled through the high grass until he was out of sight. Then he ran.

On, on he went, till he reached at last

the Ohio river. "If I only can cross it," he said, "I shall feel safe."

Boone dreaded the swift river, for he could not swim very well. But when he reached the shore, there lay an old canoe. It was leaky, for there was a big break in one side.

But Boone soon mended this and paddled across. Then how he ran! He did not stop to eat or sleep. And at the end of the fifth day, the brave man staggered into the fort, half dead.

All he could say was, "The Indians are coming! the Indians are coming!"

As soon as he was able, Boone called the men together.

He put the fort in order and made the defences stronger. Then with a brave little band he started out.

On the banks of a river he came upon

a band of fifty Indian warriors sound asleep. These he put to rout, and then hurried on. Soon he came upon the main body — five hundred of them.

These he learned were on the way to Boonesboro. Of course it was useless to attack so large a number; so he crept back to the fort and made it ready for their coming.

These five hundred men were in charge of a British officer; for this was during the Revolution; and the British, you know, often joined with the Indians against the colonists.

At last, the five hundred Indians reached the fort.

"We demand surrender," said the British commander.

"You must fight for it, then," answered Boone; and the battle began.

A GOOD SHOT.

For hours the bullets flew fast and thick. But little harm was done the fort; for many of the bullets lodged in the hard wood palisades.

Then the Indians tried to fire the buildings; but water was plentiful, and again they failed.

Then they tried to dig a tunnel underground, but the pioneers saw what they were doing; for the soil they dug out made the water of the river muddy.

Then Boone began, too, to make a mine, throwing the soil out over the palisades. The Indians did not like this. They, too, were in danger; and so in a few more days they gave up the siege and went back to their own villages.

While Boone had been in the village of the Indians, his family had gone back to their

old home in North Carolina. Mrs. Boone believed he had been killed by the savages, and, so, longed to go back to her father's home.

As soon, then, as the siege was over, Boone set out for North Carolina, to find his family and show them he was still alive.

It was some little time before he brought his family back to Kentucky, for there were all kinds of errands to be done for the people of Boonesboro.

One wanted a cow bought for him; another wanted a horse; there were nails and carpenters tools to be bought, and lead for shot.

At last, all these were collected. But besides this, Boone had a great deal of money. This money he was carrying to the pioneers from their friends in the east. This money

he had stored away in his boots, and he supposed no one knew that he had it.

But some one did know; for when he had reached the densest part of the wilderness, out sprang some Indians upon him, shouting "The wampum! the wampum!"

It was useless to struggle — one man against so many, and he gave up the money.

A sad, sad man was he when he dragged himself and his family into the fort. He told his story to the people; then sat down and buried his face in his hands.

But saddest of all was this. Brave and upright as he had always been, there were a few who believed Daniel Boone had hidden the money.

"This," Boone used to say, "was the hardest trial I ever had to bear."

But these foolish people did not believe

ill of Boone very long. He was too honest in his life, and too ready always to do for his people all that could be done. The few who had spoken evil of him grew to be ashamed of what they had said.

Soon after his return to the fort, Boone and his brother started out alone to the place where they had set up the salt works.

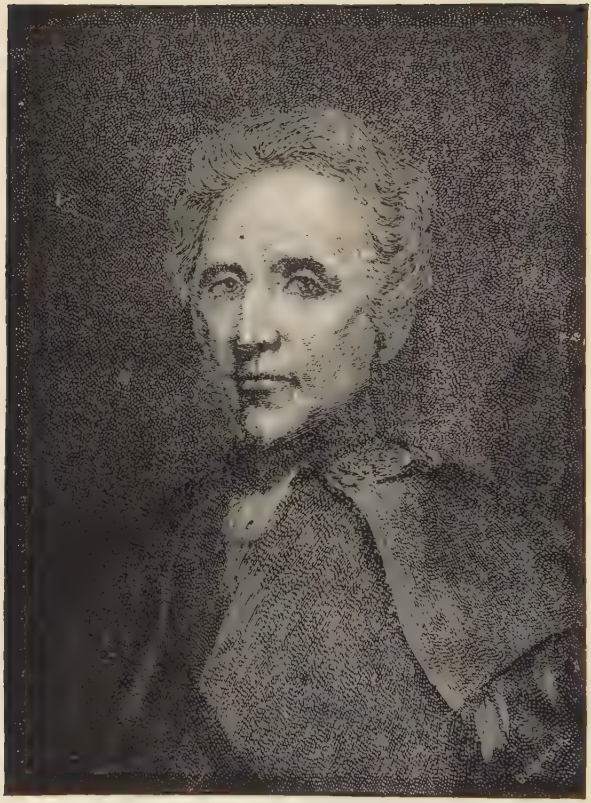
Just as they were beginning to work Indians sprang upon them from an ambush. Boone's brother they shot down; but while they were whooping and yelling over their victory, Boone escaped. For two days and two nights he ran this way and that, trying to escape the pursuing savages.

Once their dogs were close upon him.

Quick as a flash he seized the high branch of a tree, sprang into the air, and let it swing him far out over a bank.

On, on, came the dogs, their noses close down to the earth. But when they reached the tree, the trail was lost.

They ran round and round. Then they ran, yelping, back to their masters. But in all this time Boone had gained a mile upon them, and so at last reached the fort again in safety.



DANIEL BOONE.

COLONEL BOONE.

By and by, there were so many pioneers in Kentucky, that they asked for military protection.

The governor of Virginia sent out military forces. The pioneers themselves formed a military company, and Daniel Boone was placed at the head.

"He deserves the honor," said the governor, "for he founded the first settlement; he has protected it for years; and he is the bravest pioneer in Kentucky."

Daniel Boone — now Colonel Boone — sent Simon Kenton out as a spy. These pioneers had to keep spies always on the watch; for the Indians were likely at any

time to burst out from the forests and attack the white settlements.

Now, the British had learned to dread Boone. They knew he was the leader in all battles. They knew, too, that they could never destroy Boonesboro till he was captured.

He understood the ways of the Indians, and so, was always more than a match for them.

Still, the Indians were always lurking in the forests. The British had told them to keep on the watch. They had offered the savages great rewards if they would bring the scalp of Colonel Boone to their camp.

One day Kenton took his gun early in the morning and went out to shoot. Just as he left the fort, he saw two Indians spring out from the forest and attack two white men.

A SCALP DANCE IN THE FOREST.

One of them they killed; Kenton raised his rifle and shot the Indian dead. Then he pursued the others.

Boone heard the shots and rushed out from the fort with ten other men. They saw in an instant that there was trouble; they, too, raised their rifles and ran with Kenton after the red men.

Boone did not know there were so many Indians in the fight, for they hid themselves in the tall grass.

But as soon as they were well away from the fort, the savages sprang out. And before Boone knew it, he was surrounded by them on all sides.

"Charge!" shouted Boone, and bang went the rifles of every man. One second, and a volley of shot poured from the rifles of the red men.

Six of the ten men dropped wounded; and Boone himself fell, his leg broken, and his arm badly hurt.

The Indians gave a yell of delight, and sprang towards him. One Indian had already seized him by the hair and was flourishing his scalping knife.

Kenton saw this, and fired. His rifle never failed, and the savage fell back dead. Then Kenton seized Boone by the arms, threw him over his strong shoulders, and ran with him towards the fort. The other men held the savages at bay till the fort was reached; and then, when the Indians knew they had lost Boone, they ran away into the forests.

You may be sure Boone never forgot his debt to Kenton. They were life-long friends. And when, by and by, they both

died, they were buried in the same burial ground. If you should visit Kentucky to-day, you would see the stones that mark their graves.

BRYAN STATION.

Not very far from Boonesboro was another colony. This was settled by three of Mrs. Boone's brothers, James, William, and Daniel Bryan. It was called, "Bryan's Station."

One morning five hundred Indians, led by a cruel white man — an exile and an outcast — fell upon this little settlement.

There were only fifty men in the camp, and the fort was not in good condition. The savages knew this, and chose their time.

The attack began first with twenty Indians who ran ahead and fired into the fort.

The pioneers were taken by surprise. For a second, they were panic stricken. Then they rallied. Every man was a hero. They took their places at the walls, ready to fire at the first red man that dared show himself.

Three men crept out from the fort and crawled through the grass and ran for help.

Soon the twenty Indians appeared again. They fired one volley, then ran again into the forests. In this way, they hoped to draw the men out from the fort. The rest of the five hundred kept themselves hidden.

"We know your plan," said the leader inside the fort; "but we fall not into your trap."

Now the spring, from which the people of the settlement drew their water, was outside the fort. This was unfortunate, for

water must be had, especially if the fort was to be besieged.

"What shall we do?" the men asked of each other.

"Let the women bring the water," said one old lady. "The Indians would be more likely to let us go unharmed. They could have no object in attacking us. It is the fort they want."

For a moment the women held back. Mothers clasped their children close to their hearts and wept.

"Let me go alone," said the old lady again, "perhaps it would be just as well. Then, too, it would not matter if I were killed. For I am getting old and am not of much use to you here."

But at this, twenty women sprang to their feet. "Let you go out into danger alone! Never!" they said.

THE WOMEN GOING TO THE SPRING.

Then each took a bucket, and together they went out to the spring.

Their hearts beat hard, and many a face was white with fear. But they went out bravely, laughing and talking, and pretending to have no fear.

The savages lay everywhere concealed in the grass. They saw the women come and go; but made no attempt to harm them.

"Now we are ready for a siege, if there must be one," said the men.

Then thirteen men were sent out to draw the Indians on to battle. "If there must be a battle, let us have it now," the captain thought.

As soon as the thirteen men from the fort appeared, the Indians retreated. They wanted to draw them into the forest. Then they could surround them and kill them all.

Besides, they supposed these thirteen men were all there were in the fort.

When the Indians had drawn these thirteen away, the white leader crept up towards the fort. He thought he could take it easily now.

But when he drew near, out blazed thirty-five rifles at him. Several Indians fell dead. Then came another volley! Another and another! The savages ran for their lives.

The little party who were attacking the thirteen fled too. Then the thirteen came back to the fort.

They closed the gates and prepared for a siege.

The Indians and their white leader crept back soon. They hid in the grass and waited. The men in the fort knew they were

there, for every now and then they would shoot at the fort.

But already help was coming. The men, who had crept out from the fort to go for help, had reached the other settlements in safety.

Fifty horsemen rode up to the fort. The men in the fort could not give them warning; and before they knew that the Indians were in the grass, out came a volley of shot upon them.

The men in the fort threw open the gates and the horsemen rushed in. Not a man was killed, but several were wounded.

The white leader of the Indians was angry enough that he had lost the fort. He knew well enough it was useless to attempt battle now.

So he climbed upon a stump and made a speech to the people in the fort.

It was a very wonderful speech, no doubt; but it did not scare the pioneers.

They only laughed at him and told him to bring on his savages and they would whip them all.

The white leader saw he could not frighten the pioneers, so he crept back into the grass. The next morning he had disappeared and taken his savages with him.

AN AMBUSCADE.

News of the attack on Bryan Station had spread from colony to colony. Each colony sent men to the rescue; and on the next morning one hundred and eighty men had come to the station.

Among these was Daniel Boone. "Let us pursue these Indians," said the men. "We may overtake and surprise them."

"I do not believe it will be wise," said Boone.

"But the trail is easy to follow," said the men. "Everywhere are signs of the route they have taken. The grass is trodden down, trees are broken, and even old coats are lying in the bushes.

"That is just why I think it would not be wise to pursue them;" said Boone, "Indians know better than to leave their tracks like that."

"Perhaps they forgot, in their hurry," said one.

"Indians never forget," answered Boone. "And you may be sure they have done this simply to decoy us. They think we shall follow, because the trail is so plain. Then they will hide themselves and wait for us. Before we know it, we shall be in a trap."

But the men would not listen to Boone. They were eager for battle, and so pushed ahead.

They marched for seven miles before an Indian showed himself at all.

At Licking Creek a few were prowling around. Never had a trail been so easy to follow.

"What if Boone was right," one man whispered.

"I half believe he was," whispered another.

"What do you think of it now, Boone?" asked the commander.

"I think we are near an ambuscade," answered Boone coolly. "The Indians are in that ravine yonder, or I don't know Indians! Whatever else we do, we must not cross this river.

"Nonsense!" cried the leader. And turning his horse, he galloped down the banks of the river, shouting, "Come on! come on! All who are not cowards, come on!"

Down the bank the whole company rushed, after their hot-headed leader. Boone's heart sank, but he followed on.

Hardly had they shaken themselves dry on the other side of the river, when out blazed the rifles of the red men.

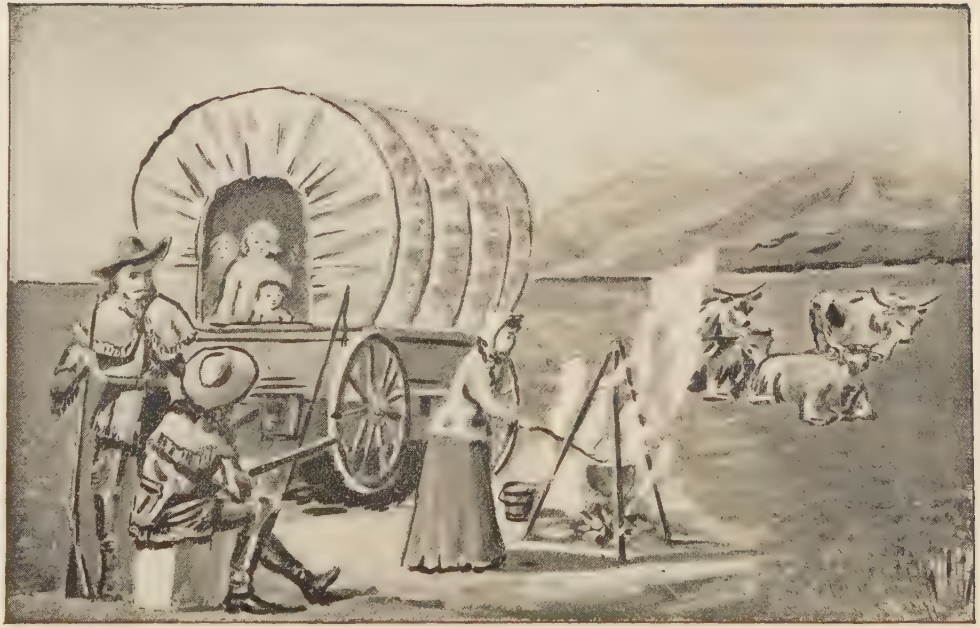
There they were, as Boone had said. Snap! snap! snap! went their rifles. Five hundred of them! The savages were everywhere! In the grass, in the trees, behind the rocks!

The white men had ridden into a net. Most bravely they fought, Boone in the very front; but it was a terrible battle. The white men fell in tens and twenties. At last, the few that were left, turned and fled. They hurried back to the station, lest the Indians should again attack the fort.

Then Boone wrote a long letter to the governor of Virginia, begging him to send them help. The Indians meant mischief, there could be no doubt.

The Kentuckians formed themselves into an army and went up and down the country, trying everywhere to beat back the savages.

It was a terrible year. The Indians were maddened and the British were always ready to urge them on. It was 1782, the darkest year in the history of Kentucky.



ON THE PLAINS.

DANIEL BOONE'S LAST YEARS.

But at last, the war between the British and the colonists came to an end. The British gave up their stations in the west and went back to England.

The Indians could not fight so well now. They did not know how to plan their attacks. They were not so bold, and the pioneers could manage them easily.

The people began to come from the east to Kentucky. Hundreds and hundreds of families came. By and by, there were so many people they called themselves a state. They chose a capital. Each man had his own land where he raised corn and tobacco, and traded it for goods from the east.

Daniel Boone built a comfortable home for himself, and meant to spend the rest of his life in quiet.

But, by and by, speculators came out to Kentucky and began to buy up the land.

They saw that Boone's land was good, and so first tried to buy it of him.

"I do not care to sell," he said; "my family is comfortable, and we are content to stay here."

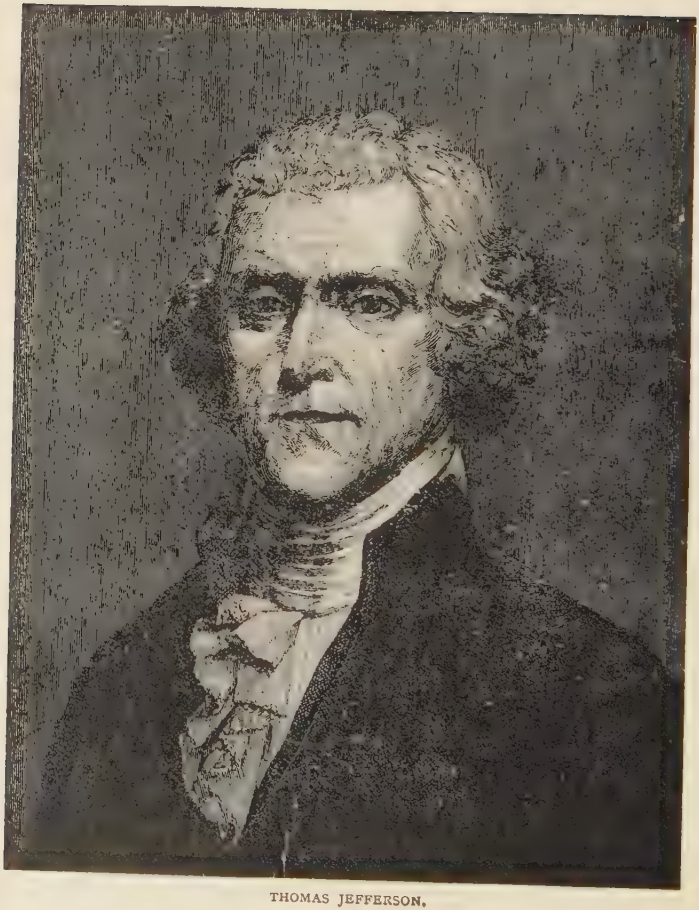
But the speculators were determined to have his land. They asked him to show the deeds. Boone brought them forth; but the sharp men soon saw that they were not carefully made out. The lawyer who had made them had been careless. He thought it didn't matter out there in the wilderness.

And so Daniel Boone lost his land. It was a cruel thing to do to this man who had fought so bravely for Kentucky.

But the men did not care. They took the land, and Boone went back to Virginia.

Boone's son, meantime, had gone to Missouri. And when his father lost his home, he sent for him to come to him in the new state. Daniel went, and it was there he spent the rest of his life.

But the Kentucky people never forgot the founder of their state. And if you should visit Frankfort, Kentucky, to-day, you would find there a fine monument, upon which is carved four pictures of Indian battles, and beneath them the name of DANIEL BOONE.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

MERIWETHER LEWIS AND WILLIAM CLARK.

When Jefferson became President of the United States, he made up his mind to know more of this broad country.

"We are only living along the coast of it as yet," he said. "There is a rich country beyond the Alleghanies; but we have hardly crossed them to see.

"There must be great rivers. There must be wide plains and rich lands for farming.

"To be sure we have long owned the land as far as the Mississippi; but we know nothing about it. And as to the land beyond the Mississippi, not even our few traders dare cross into its forests."

So, first of all, Jefferson set to work, far-seeing man that he was, to buy the land beyond the Mississippi from the French who claimed it, under the name of Louisiana.

Now the French, since they owned the land beyond the Mississippi, had, of course, the right to sail up and down the river with their canoes, establishing trading stations, that they might carry on fur trade with the Indians. This commerce Jefferson wanted to bring under control of the United States. And so, in 1804, he succeeded in making satisfactory terms with France, and the land west of the Mississippi became the property of our people.

"Now, we are indeed a great country," said Jefferson. "Our land stretches from ocean to ocean. We have homes for all who will come to our shores; and we shall some-

time be, perhaps, the greatest among nations."

Now Jefferson was a man of action. Therefore when the land was once the property of the United States, he appointed two men — Lewis and Clark — to explore it.

Now, we sometimes think that all the exploring was done in the times of De Soto and La Salle; but this is not so.

It is hard for us to understand it; but when in 1804 — only about ninety years ago — these two brave men set out, there was just as much danger and hardship before them as ever there had been in the days of De Soto and La Salle.

The forests were just as dense. The Indians quite as likely to prove unfriendly; the swamps and morasses were just as treacherous.

The great rivers of the far west were all

Reduced Section of
A GENERAL MAP of NORTH AMERICA
Drawn from the best Surveys
1795
To accompany Winterbotham's History
Published by John Reid New York
Scale of 684 Miles
NEW ALBION
CALIFORNIA
NEW MEXICO
LOUISIANA
GULF OF MEXICO
Rio Bravo
Rio Grande
Rio Colorado
Missisipi R.
Missouri R.
Ohio R.
Red R.
Arkansa R.
Kansas R.
Platte R.
Mexico
Orleans
Mobile
Pensacola
Natchez
St Louis
St Antonio
St Francisco
Monterey
Quivira
Tegualdo
L. Superior
L. Michigan
L. Erie
L. Ontario
L. Huron
L. Winnipeg
L. Alemipigon
L. Assiniboils
L. Dauphin
L. Ouinipigon
L. Buade
L. Alibamon
L. Pontchartrain
L. Mexico
L. Timagami
L. Nipissing
L. Ste Claire
L. Michigan
L. Superior
Lake of the Woods
Lake of the Hills
Lake of the Prairies
Lake of the Assiniboils
Lake of the Alibamons
Lake of the Illinois
Lake of the Hurons
Lake of the Iroquois
Lake of the Mississagues
Lake of the Nipissings
Lake of the Ouinipigons
Lake of the Dauphin
Lake of the Assiniboils
Lake of the Woods
Lake of the Hills
Lake of the Prairies
Lake of the Assiniboils
Lake of the Alibamons
Lake of the Illinois
Lake of the Hurons
Lake of the Iroquois
Lake of the Mississagues
Lake of the Nipissings
Lake of the Ouinipigons
Lake of the Dauphin
Lake of the Assiniboils

unknown; and as to distances and directions, these men knew no more than had those daring men that followed Columbus. Often they would wander into dense wildernesses, from which it was almost impossible to escape. They could neither go on nor retreat, such was the danger before them and behind. Often they would travel for days along a trail, only to come in the end to some insurmountable mountain range, or some river unsafe to cross by boat and impossible to ford.

Still, knowing that all these things must be, Lewis and Clark set out, commissioned by Jefferson, to explore the new country and make a report to the government of all that happened to them.

St. Louis was then the most prosperous trading station; and the government had

hopes that some direct route might be discovered from that station to the Pacific.

Full directions were given the two explorers, and with boats laden with presents for the possibly hostile Indians, they set out.

First, they were to visit the Indians up and down the western bank of the river, tell them of the change in ownership, and with presents and promises for the future, win their good will and co-operation.

Of course, no one could forsee whether the Indians would be friendly or hostile. Neither was it known what dangers might await them in attempting to ascend the restless, rushing Missouri.

First of all, a keel boat, fifty-five feet long, not drawing more than three feet of water, was made at Pittsburg, for the explorers.

It was an odd looking boat, to be sure — not unlike the old Greek galleys — with its large, square sail and its places for twenty-two oarsmen. There was a half deck at the bow and another at the stern; and these formed the cabins. Between the cabins was the space where the twenty-two oarsmen sat. Two other smaller boats, propelled by oars only, were provided by the government, and with these the explorers prepared to set sail.

Twenty-five brave men were selected by Lewis and Clark; the smaller boats were loaded with coffee, sugar, crackers, dried meats, carpenter tools, and all manner of bright-colored objects for presents to be distributed among the Indians.

A few horses, even, were made room for on the large boat; and so, heavily laden, the little exploring party set off, down the Ohio,

into the Mississippi, stopping first at the French village, St. Louis.

Here at St. Louis, the leaders found it quite necessary to remain until definite knowledge of the tribes up and down the river could be gathered. Twenty more men joined the expedition, and on the 4th of May, 1804, the explorers left St. Louis, and really embarked upon the dangerous journey, making, that night, their first encampment on the banks of the unknown Missouri.

It was very slow—their ascent of the river—for the current, always turbulent, was now swollen with the heavy spring rains, and often whole trees would come crashing down the stream; or the bank, giving way, would fall across the river, helping to catch and bank up the drifting debris that came down with the current.

From time to time, the men were forced to fasten their boats securely, lest they be crushed and carried down the stream; meanwhile they set to work to clear the river.

For a while they dared not advance in the darkness, lest some tree come crashing down upon them; nor was it always possible to guide the boats in the mighty whirlpools, even under the full light of the day.

At the mouth of the Osage, the party at last decided to encamp and send out parties to explore the interior.

Up the Osage, lived the Osage Indians, a tribe particularly strong, and fierce, and warlike, and having a reputation for hostility, against all white men.

Therefore, the arms and ammunition of the little party were carefully examined before the men went into the forest.

It was a land rich in timber, they found here. There were oak and ash, hickory and black walnut,—large old trees—for these forests had stood undisturbed throughout centuries.

On the fourth of June, the party returned, bringing with them ten deer, which were most welcome to the taste of the explorers, after living one month on dried meats. The cook prepared a great feast upon the bank of the Missouri, at the mouth of the Osage, and the hungry men, forgetful for the time of all dangers, feasted right merrily.

On the next day, they started on up the Missouri. Very, very slowly they were forced to make their way, so wild was the current. First, they met some French canoes, loaded with furs.

"These," said the Frenchmen, "we bought

from Indians up the river." And later another party of Frenchmen was met, their canoes loaded also with furs; bought too, of the Indians up the river.

But one day, the boats swung into a narrow bend in the river. Here the current rushed and seethed, driven on through the strait by the great mass of waters from behind.

In the midst of the stream, whirling and swirling, lay a great raft of driftwood. Clark stood at the helm when the great mass, sweeping through the strait, bore down upon the large boat. "To the oars! to the oars! to the oars!" he shouted. One instant, and every man was in his place.

"Back her! back her!" thundered the captain. Every man strained to his utmost! Then the stern caught fast. "Pull! pull!

pull!" the captain thundered again. And the men did pull.

Bang against the side of the boat came the raft, raking the sides from end to end. For a moment the oarsmen on that side were powerless. The boat swung across the stream. It tossed and careened. But with a great, strong, long pull, the men wrenched the stern from its entanglement; the boat righted itself, and again rode free.

"Bravo!" shouted Clark. All felt much relieved; for had the boat been wrecked, they must have made their way back to Pittsburg, and the expedition would thus have been a failure.

But now a great wind arose. It swept down the river and across the prairies like a mighty tempest. The waters rose like ocean waves; the wind roared, and the forests

creaked. This was a western gale — a prairie sweep — the first one these eastern explorers had known.

With much difficulty they anchored their boats. Then, making their way to the shores, they threw up enough shelter and encamped for the night. All night long the wolves howled and the panthers yelled; but sentinels kept guard and the weary men slept.

The next morning broke clear and bright. At sunrise the explorers were awake and ready to set out again on the river. All day long they sailed, meeting with no adventure till near the evening. Then they met a fleet of canoes loaded with furs and peltries which the Frenchmen were carrying to St. Louis from the camps of the Sioux Indians farther up the river.

Together the explorers and the French-

men encamped, and all night long they talked of their plans. The French were kindly, and Lewis and Clark gained much information regarding the country and the savage tribes that dwelt along the river banks. One Frenchman, who understood well the Indian language, they induced to join the exploring party, and act for them as interpreter.

But they had come now upon a grove of oak and hickory.

"Let us stop here and make new oars from the wood of these strong old trees," said the oarsmen. And, indeed, there was need for new oars; for in the river collision, many had been broken and others had been strained and wrenched.

So the little company encamped again—this time for several days. And while the oarsmen worked at the oars and upon the

boats, the hunters scoured the country for game.

Each night they came in with fish and fowl; and once with deer and bear.

From these the explorers had another feast, and when the feast was over, there was still an abundance of meat to prepare and store away for future use. There seemed now little danger of starving, whatever else the future might hold for them.

At last the oars were made, and all injuries to the boat repaired. Then the little company set forth again. For a day or two all went well; then a sudden rise in the river tide, and the rushing current again came down upon them.

Every man strained at the oars. For hours they worked against the current. To anchor was impossible; for even the heaviest

anchors dragged. Faster and faster the rushing current poured down upon them. Not only was progress impossible, but in spite of all effort, the boat was drifting down the river.

"This will never do," said Clark.

"We shall find ourselves back at the mouth of the Missouri," said Lewis.

"We must pull the boat along till we pass these rapids," said the captain.

So a great cable was fastened through the boat, the ends reaching from bank to bank.

Then the men rowed to the shores, and running with the great cable, pulled the boat up the stream.

For a whole mile they had pulled, when the keel scraped upon a sand bar just at a turn in the river.

"A sand bar! a sand bar!" shouted the captain; for his trained ear knew well the sound of the grating keel.

"Pull! pull! pull!"

Then the strong men pulled. With all their strength, and with all their will, they pulled.

But the fates were for the time against them; the cable snapped, and the great boat, nearly stranded, fell upon its side.

Then the great mast swayed to and fro. It snapped and fell, and lay dragging the boat over still more upon its side. All this time the wind was rising, and the fury of the tempest increasing.

"It's an ill wind that blows no good," said one of the men; for already the water was rising, driven on by the great force behind and by the rushing wind; and with

the bursting of one great wave over the sand bar, the boat lurched, righted itself, and was again free.

Then the men cut away the mast, and fastening the boat until the hurricane was over, encamped till they were able to push their way on again up the river.

For three or four days after this, they sailed on in peace and quiet. Then they reached the mouth of the Kansas.

"This is a river of importance," Clark and Lewis said; so the company encamped again, and one party was sent to explore, while another was sent to hunt for game.

Four deer and two wolves were brought in; and one day the hunters snared a great wood rat—of a kind never seen before by these explorers.

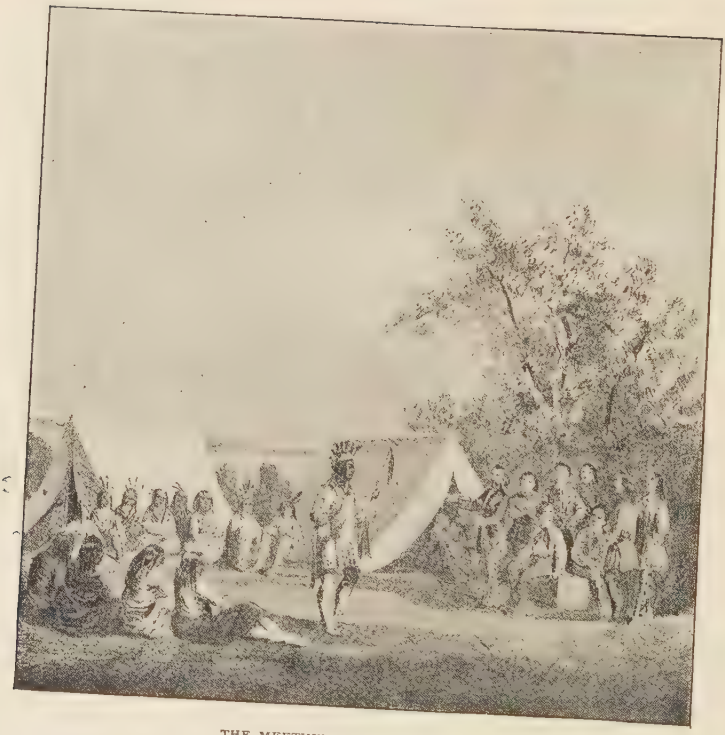
It was late in July when at last they

reached the mouth of the Platte. There were Indians here, and Lewis and Clark sent out a party to find them.

The Frenchman went with them and strove to make them understand that no longer were they to obey the King of France, but that the Great Father at Washington had bought the whole vast territory from France, and that henceforth all Indians west of the Mississippi were to look to this Great Father for protection.

The red men seemed contented with the change, and the chiefs came and sat in council with Lewis and Clark, beneath the great bluffs over against where the city of Omaha now stands.

After a long council, and the exchange of many gifts, the peace pipe was smoked, the place was named Council Bluffs, and the



THE MEETING WITH THE INDIANS.

white men, glad that their first meeting with the savages of the forests had ended so successfully, again set forth up the river.

It was, to them, a wonderful country they were now passing through. From the high bluffs they had looked out upon the vast prairie reaching in all directions, like a great sea, from horizon to horizon.

These plains were treeless and grassy, and great herds of buffalo roamed up and down them. But the explorers were now coming into the region of Dakota, where dwelt many savages not as peaceful nor as kindly disposed toward the white men as had been the tribe on the Platte.

At once, councils were held, and the Indians were given presents. Still, for some reason, the red men seemed dissatisfied; and once, when the explorers were about to return

BUFFALO ON THE PLAINS.

to their camp, they seized the cable and would not allow the boat to push out.

"Aim!" said Lewis coolly. "Aim! but do not fire."

In an instant every rifle was pointed towards the savages.

"We mean no harm," said they, dropping the cable and moving back. "It is only that we wish to trade with you still more."

But the explorers deemed it wiser to move away, and so the boat was rowed rapidly up the river.

The Indians followed on, however, along the bank of the river, calling to the white men, and telling them that there were other tribes farther inland that wished to talk with them. But the more earnest the invitations, the more worth while it seemed to the white

men to paddle along in the middle of the river.

But all this time the summer had been passing; autumn, too, had come and gone; and already the cold winter was settling down. The trees were bare, the forests were heavy, and more than once the river had crusted over.

"We must go into winter quarters," said Clark. So they selected an island in the territory of the Mandans, whom they had good reason to believe would be friendly, and built their winter quarters.

Now, in these days the art of making matches was quite unknown. The Indians, when they needed to strike a fire, did it by a most laborious process.

They would take two sticks and rub them together till they were hot enough to catch fire from each other.

The white man's way of striking fire was only a little less crude. He had learned that striking flint and steel together would produce a quick spark. Then, if this spark could fall upon some easily inflammable substance, a blaze could be started.

But if the sun was shining, there was an easier way still than this. The white man had learned to use a sunglass, for this, by concentrating the rays of light, would easily produce a blaze.

The Indians, of course, knew nothing of the white man's way of making a fire. And so, when Captain Clark came into their wigwam, and lighted his pipe with his sunglass, meaning to have a social smoke, the Indians looked on in terror.

At first they only stared, eyes and mouth wide open. Then they gave a great whoop, and ran away into the forests.

"What can the matter be?" said Clark. "I meant to smoke the peace pipe with them."

"I will find out," said the French interpreter; and away he went in pursuit of them.

Now, these Indians had never seen a white man before; and it happened that when Clark first came into their village, he had raised his gun and shot down a wild goose.

The Indians had not seen him approaching; but had only heard the report of his gun.

What could it be! They ran out from their wigwams to look. There was the smoke still in the air; and there upon a rock sat a strange being, like no man they had ever seen before.

Surely he had dropped from the sky! And the noise they had heard was the thunder that had sent him down!

No wonder the innocent red men were frightened. They ran back to their wigwams and drew together the skins that covered the doorways. They dared not look out.

Then Clark, all unconscious of the panic he had produced, came up to the wigwam of the chief.

He opened the door of the wigwam and looked in. There sat the chief trembling with fear, brave chief though he was.

But Clark spoke kindly to him, and gave presents, so that, by and by, he grew less afraid.

He was sure Clark was a spirit even now; but he was a good spirit and meant no harm to the red men.

But when he lighted his pipe with nothing!—that was more than they could believe even of a good spirit. Again panic

MANDAN INDIANS.

struck them, and away they fled whooping and yelling.

It was a long time before they could be made to understand; but when they did they were kind and friendly. They were willing to help the white men in their hunting and in their building. They watched them in their cooking, and tried to cook their own meats as they saw the white men do. They learned to make a quick fire with flint and steel, and were very proud that they had learned so many things that other Indians did not know.

The winter was long and cold, but the time passed quickly. For often the Mandans would come into the white men's camp and tell most wonderful stories of their own people.

"The Mandans," so they told the white

men, "will go down beneath the great lake to dwell by and by when they die; for that was their original home.

"For long, long years the tribe dwelt there; but one day a brave chief climbed along the roots and up the trunk of a tall grapevine.

"He saw the light above and was sure that he had found a world most beautiful.

"Then he hurried back and told his people. Together they all climbed the grapevine, and one half of them had already leaped out upon the earth. Then, alas, the grapevine broke, and all the other Mandans fell back into their old home beneath the lake; and so it was that the whole tribe, when, at last they should die, must go back to the original home of their people."

So the winter passed. Often the white

men had been cold and hungry; and often they had longed for a look into their comfortable homes far away beyond the Alleghanies.

But they were not the men to turn back till their work was finished; and so, when spring came again, and the river was clear of ice, and there was no danger from floods, they set out again.

The Mandans had told them much of the country beyond. "There were great mountains," they had said. "And there was a great gorge, where a whole river plunged over the cliffs. It had a roar like thunder, and on the cliffs there was an eagle's nest. It was in the cottonwood, and in the very midst of the torrent."

More and more difficult grew the journey up the river. The water was shallow here

PRINCIPAL CASCADE OF THE MISSOURI.

and there, and made its way over sharp and dangerous rocks. The cable was used often, and sometimes the boats could be guided among the rocks only by oars and long poles.

At last, on the 26th of May, the Yellowstone River was passed; and up against the sky rose the Rockies. The summits were covered with snow, even as the Mandans had said; and one day in June, behold — the cataract itself was heard roaring in the distance.

Then Lewis started out. For hours he traveled, forcing his way through dense thickets and through treacherous waters.

Louder and louder grew the roar; and at last, climbing on a rocky hill, Lewis stood upon a high cliff and looked down upon the cataract,— the first white man who had ever looked upon this sublime sight!

For thirteen miles — one tearing down

upon another — with great areas of foaming rapids between — stretched these wonderful cascades of the Missouri.

Awe struck, Lewis stood and looked; for where on the whole earth is there a sight more grand!

Then Lewis went back to the boats. "It is worth all the suffering and all the danger to have seen such glory," he said; nor could any words describe it.

The boats were brought up to the foot of the rapids; and although it was full eighteen miles to safe waters again beyond the rapids, the men prepared to drag the boats by land around the falls.

The horses, which they had brought from Pittsburg, had perished during the long winter; and there was no way to carry the boats but to build rough wagons, or construct rollers and so drag them overland.

This the brave men did; and with great cables dragged the boats along. This was a task most difficult; and no one but men of heroic souls would have had the courage to attempt it. For we must not forget the condition of the country. To have pulled these great boats along a smooth road, by hand, would have been no small task; but here was all the roughness and wilderness of a forest, which in a thousand years had been unmolested. Trees had to be felled, thickets cleared, rocks dug out, and the soil levelled.

But in spite of all this, the men were not discouraged. Rough carts with crude wheels were made; the great boats were mounted, and some way — the men themselves often wondered, years after, how they did it — the work was accomplished. A month later the boats were relaunched, and the explorers again set sail up the river.

But again they were brought to a halt. For hardly were they well on their way, when they found that again the river was unnavigable — at least by boats like these.

Again they stopped, felled trees, and built new boats. This time the boats were only "dugouts;" for such only could withstand the sharp rocks hidden everywhere beneath the water.

In these, they paddled on, till at last they reached the deep five mile canyon. Never had they dreamed of such grandeur. For in some places the walls of the canyon are a thousand feet deep; the cliffs are steep, the waters black and still.

"The gate of the mountains!" they said; and almost without a word, they silently rowed their boats through, and came out at last into the sunlight at the upper course of the river.

Taking the northern branch of the river — which they named the Jefferson — they found themselves at the foot of the first range of the Rockies.

Difficult as had been their journey up the river, the route ahead seemed more difficult still. How were they to climb this rocky ridge? Scouts were sent out, hoping that Indian guides might be found; but though they traveled in all directions, no signs of Indian life could be found.

To attempt to cross the ridges without guides would, they all knew, be mere foolhardiness.

"I will set out alone," said Lewis. "It must be there are tribes somewhere about these mountains."

And so, climbing the precipices, Lewis made his way to the crest of the ridge.

There, he could look down upon the wonderful valley on either side.

At the western base flowed a river; and far up the river he could see the village of the Shoshones. These Lewis reached; and having made the red men presents, induced a few of them to return with horses to guide his people across the ridge.

There was great rejoicing in the camp on the Jefferson when Lewis returned. At once they all set forth into the mountains. It was a most perilous journey; for the guides led them through deep canyons, along the edges of rocky precipices, always higher and higher, till at last the crest was reached, and the downward descent begun. This, if possible, was more perilous still; for so steep were the descents and so narrow the paths, that one misstep must have thrown both horse and

FORDING A RIVER.

rider down precipices thousands of feet deep. But the horses and the guides were well trained, and the mountains were familiar; so no accidents happened, and the little party at last reached the valley safe and sound.

One whole month had been spent in this journey; for on some days the roads were so blocked with snow or covered with ice, that no one dared trust the horses to make their way down the steep places. Often not more than five miles could be covered in a day; and some days it was safe only to stop and camp.

The winds blew, and it was bitter cold among the snow clad peaks. Hunting was impossible; and only an occasional squirrel or hawk could be found; for there was little life at this altitude.

A little dried meat and fish was all that

was left of the supplies they had brought, and the men were famishing. One by one, the horses died from exhaustion and lack of food; and upon the flesh of these the starving men seized with the fury of wild men or famishing beasts. There was nothing these men did not suffer during this terrible month in the mountains; still their courage did not fail, and the brave leaders were ready always to cheer them on.

Ragged, starving, ill, they came down into the village of the Indians.

Here they rested, and made up a goodly supply of fish and game for their journey farther westward. Boats were built, and again the little party made their way up the rivers which we now call the Lewis and the Clark.

From these they entered the Columbia. Fortunately, all along the way, they found

tribes of Indians who were friendly, and willing always to supply them with fish.

It was November again when they came at last into the broad, smooth Columbia that pours its flood into the Pacific. The cold, rainy season had already set in, and there was nothing to do but to again build cabins and encamp for the winter months.

The second winter passed much as the first had passed. The Indians were friendly, and were willing always to guide the white men in their hunting expeditions. They gathered in the cabins during the long winter nights and told stories of their tribes and of the country round about, all of which Lewis and Clark wrote down in their long journals to carry back to the government at Washington.

As soon, however, as signs of spring

CAPE HORN, COLUMBIA RIVER.

began to come, the party were ready and eager to set out again for home.

Boats were built, and they again embarked —this time towards the east, and over land and waters not wholly unknown. The Indians along the route met them with friendly greetings, and every tribe was willing to help them with food and supplies of corn.

The journey back was slow, for there were still the mountains and the rapids; but it was successful. And at last, one bright day, the little fleet of boats turned again into the Mississippi and entered the little port of St. Louis. Glad indeed were the people to see them back again and to hear of all that had happened.

But Lewis and Clark were impatient to reach Washington; so away they sped again, up the Ohio to Pittsburg, and then over land to Washington.

Reduced Section of
MAP of NORTH AMERICA
Including all the Recent
Geographical Discoveries
1826.
NEW
CALIFORNIA
LOUISIANA
MEXICO
SAN LOUIS
Jefferson City
Monterey
Saltillo
Zacatecas
San Luis

Great was the rejoicing when the two heroes returned. News was sent up and down the country, and people flocked to the city to get a glimpse at the travelers.

Jefferson was proud, indeed, of the success of his plan. The journal of the voyagers was read and explained; specimens of flowers, and trees and rock were produced, and a full report of the whole journey given.

The government was convinced that the purchase of the land beyond the Mississippi, was a wise move. Lewis and Clark were enrolled upon the country's list of brave men; and for their services to their country they will always be held in honor and respect.

CAPTAIN FREMONT.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT AND KIT CARSON.

It was in 1842 that the government sent out another exploring party under John C. Fremont.

Fremont was a young man, and he had already explored much in the west.

Already pioneers had settled here and there through the west, even to the shores of the Pacific. There were towns and villages everywhere.

Still the deep regions of the Rockies had not been explored. Fremont believed that wonderful things were to be found there; then, too, the government was eager to find a safe and direct route through the mountains.

So Fremont went to St. Louis, still a leading fur station. He collected there a band of daring men, and set out.

The men were mounted on horses, except those who drove the provision carts, and Kit Carson was their guide.

Now, Kit Carson himself was a wonderful man in his time. He was born in Missouri, and in those days when every settler had to keep a watch over the Indians.

His father was a hunter; and Kit himself became a hunter when a mere boy. But Kit's father was very poor. He could not clothe his children, and often they were hungry and cold.

One day when Kit was fifteen years old, his father said to him, "Kit, you must go to work, you must learn a trade."

And so Kit was made an apprentice.

For two years he worked hard in a saddler's shop. It was a hard life for the hunter boy, and he longed to escape to the woods.

One morning a band of traders came into the town, on their way to New Mexico.

They told marvellous stories of the places they had visited, and of New Mexico most of all. Kit listened to these stories as long as he could, then hurried back to his work. The shop seemed duller than ever. He felt as if he were in prison.

"I will not bear it!" he said. "I will be free!" and when the traders left the village, Kit went with them.

In Mexico he found the freedom his soul longed for. For a year he spent his time in catching wild horses and breaking them to the harness. This was a perilous life, but Kit enjoyed it because it was perilous.

By and by, he joined a party of trappers who were going westward to fight the Indians.

The party set forth one morning bright and early, for the Salt River. There were Indians there who were always on the watch to drive away the trappers. They did not like the coming of these white men, for they were destroying the homes of the beavers and driving them up the river.

It was here Kit Carson had his first Indian fight. It was a sharp, quick fight, in which not one of the trapping party was harmed.

After a time this party broke up, and eighteen of them started for California. Kit went with the eighteen, for he wanted to see new lands and make new discoveries.

It was a long, hard journey from Mexico

to the California coast; for there were only Indian trails to guide the white men. And sometimes it was wisest to avoid even these, and creep along through high grasses and dense forests.

The trappers suffered bitterly on this journey. Their food gave out, and often they could find no water. More than once the horses had to be killed for food, and when at last the California station was reached, the men sank down exhausted.

This was young Kit Carson's first bitter experience. Still he did not flinch. For he loved the freedom of the trapper's life. He used to say, "I would rather starve here on the prairies than live in a city!"

One night when the trappers were asleep, some Digger Indians crept down to their camp, and stole their horses, every one.

Now Kit was only nineteen, but he had already proved himself plucky and daring. And so to him was given the lead of a little party to pursue the thieves.

It was easy to follow the trail. Indeed, it seemed to Kit Carson, too easy. For the grasses were trodden down, bushes were bent aside, and every thing looked as if a large number had passed through.

Now there were only twelve in Kit's party, and they were poorly equipped for battle. Still they pushed on, and at last came in sight of the Indian camp.

It was just at sunset, and the Indians were getting ready for the night. There were certainly a full hundred of them; still Kit believed he could surprise them.

Stretching themselves in the grass, they watched the camp until darkness fell. Then they waited till midnight.

At midnight they crept down close to the camp. Then with a dash they burst upon them. They tore open the wigwams and shot straight in upon the savages. They whooped and yelled! They ran round and round, firing every second.

Then they hurried to the corral where the horses were tethered. Each man mounted one and led another. All the rest were stampeded, so that the Indians would have no means of pursuit.

And so, before the Indians had time to collect their wits, the trappers were gone, and they were left helpless in their wigwams.

CROSSING THE PLAINS.

KIT CARSON AS FREMONT'S GUIDE.

This was the kind of life Kit Carson led for years. He wandered up and down the country, through the Rockies, across the plains, till he knew every trail and every pass.

People began to call him the "Monarch of the Plains."

And so when General Fremont started out, he sent for Carson and asked him to guide them.

The little party set out from St. Louis. Reaching the Kan river, they left their boats, and struck out across the Kansas prairies to the Platte.

For a few days the journey was peaceful. Too peaceful, Carson thought, for noth-

ing happened. There was no danger, for no Indians appeared.

But just as the party passed Fort Laramie, a herd of buffalo appeared upon the prairie, and the explorers gave chase.

This was all new and wonderful to General Fremont's men, and General Fremont wrote it all out in the journal he was to carry back to the government.

Here is what he wrote: —

"As we were riding along a bank, a great herd of buffalo came crowding up from the river. They had been down to the water to drink.

"The wind was favorable; the morning was cool; the distance across the prairie gave us a good chance to charge upon them.

"It was too good a chance to be lost. Kit Carson, Maxwell and I started out on our horses for the chase.

"The herd was a half mile away. We rode till we were about three hundred yards from them before they saw us coming.

"Then they began to run hither and thither. They had seen us and were preparing for a stampede.

"We urged our horses on, and for a time rode breast to breast with them. We were closing in upon them rapidly, and those in front were tearing along like the wind.

"Once in a while one in the rear would turn and face us, then dash on after the rest. We were now rushing over the ground like a hurricane, when Carson gave the hunter's shout to charge! and we broke upon the herd

"We entered at one side, and the herd gave way before us. Many of them were thrown to the ground, and all scattered in all directions.

"My own horse was a trained hunter. And with eyes flashing and the foam flying from his mouth, he set upon one buffalo like a hungry tiger. We came up along side, I fired, and the creature fell at our feet.

"Then I looked around to see what Carson was doing. He, too, had just shot down a buffalo, and away in the distance Maxwell's gun, too, was heard.

"Between me and the hill the body of the herd was still dashing on. I turned my horse, and again we dashed after them.

"The thick cloud of dust blinded and stifled me so that I could not see the herd. They crowded closer and closer together; still I could see nothing, and my horse nearly leaped upon them.

"Then the herd divided. My horse rushed into the gap.

"Five or six of the maddened creatures charged upon us, but we left them far behind. Singling out one in the herd, I fired. My aim was too high; the buffalo leaped into the air with a roar, then scurried on swifter than before.

"But we were reaching now a prairie-dog village. I reined up my horse, and the herd tore by like the wind. It was dangerous to pursue them among the mounds, and they stretched in all directions not less than two miles."

But while Fremont pursued his buffalo, Carson had been attacked by another.

With a great roar one had charged upon him, horns down, and heels in air.

Carson, too, charged, and the buffalo turned and fled.

Carson pursued and fired. The bullet

only wounded the animal, however, and with another roar, he turned and charged upon Carson again.

Just then Carson's horse stumbled in the mounds of the prairie-dog village, and the rider was thrown.

It was now a race for life. The buffalo was in swift pursuit! There was no time to reload! But one thing was possible — to reach the river.

On they flew — the buffalo gaining at every bound. His roars filled the air. Already his hot breath was close upon him, when the river was reached and Carson sprang into the water!

For an instant the maddened buffalo stared. Then he raised his head and bellowed. Then he shook his great mane and braced his forefeet. He kicked his heels high in the air and roared again.

But all this did Kit Carson no harm, for he was safe in the water, or at least beyond the reach of the angry foe. It was only a question of how long the buffalo would keep him there.

The buffalo seemed to understand the situation. He bellowed and bellowed, then turned and began to eat grass, keeping his eyes always on his prisoner.

How long this might have gone on, we cannot know. But fortunately Maxwell saw the dilemma, and crept up behind the buffalo.

So busy was the creature watching Carson, that he did not hear the approach of Maxwell; and when Maxwell raised his gun, he fell, shot through the heart.

FORT LARAMIE.

FREMONT'S PEAK!

At Fort Laramie Fremont found the Indians illy disposed towards all white men. Only recently there had been a contest between the red men and the white men, in which the Sioux had lost ten of their warriors.

Their war paint, therefore was still on, and they were ready to attack any white man who should enter their territory.

Fremont's men were all men who had explored in these regions; and were, then, used to danger and to Indian warfare. Still, the reports made them uneasy. Carson himself called it foolhardiness to go on, and so the little party encamped at Fort Laramie and waited.

INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

While they were encamped here, the red men made them many visits. Fremont himself had gone to them and told them why he had come into the country.

He showed them the thermometers and barometers he had brought and told them their uses. The use of the chronometers and the quadrant he explained to them. And when they were sure he had not come to molest them or even to take up a claim of land in their country, they were willing to be friendly.

Once a redskin came to Fremont's own tent and invited him to a dog feast. This was the greatest honor the redskin could give a stranger. Of course he did not think the stranger might not enjoy the dog feast.

Fremont would have been very glad if he could have "sent regrets." But he dared

not. The savages would never have forgiven him.

So he went. He was invited into the wigwam of the chief. The women and children sat in circles outside the wigwans.

The dog was still boiling in the kettle when Fremont entered. But at once a squaw bailed it out into huge wooden bowls and gave it to the guests.

It tasted like mutton, Fremont thought; and he tried to think it was mutton. He had his bowl filled twice; for it would have been very rude to eat only one bowlful. The red men would have thought he did not like their cooking.

Fremont was impatient now to go on. So he got the wagons ready and called the men together.

"If any man wishes now to go home,"

said Fremont, "now is his time; for I want only bravest men with me in this expedition."

Only one man refused to go on. The others were eager and anxious to go. So Fremont gave the one man the money that was his share and sent him home.

Just as Fremont was ready to start, some of the old chiefs came running to him. "Wait, wait!" they said. "Our young warriors mean to fire upon you. They lie in ambush for you!"

Fremont listened with respect. But he did not believe what the chiefs said. "This is only a game," he said to his own men, "to keep us here for trade."

"But we are all ready to go," Fremont said to the chiefs; and we must go. Tell the young warriors we have a great supply of shot and are ready for them."

The chiefs went back to their village, and the white men went on. There was no attack from the young warriors, and the little band passed through in safety.

After a week of travel, Fremont came into a land of drought. The winds were hot and dry; the grass was parched; not a buffalo was to be seen. The grasshoppers had infested the country, and not a sign of life was left.

The Indians had abandoned their villages and had gone farther south.

Then Fremont called his men to him and said: "You see the condition of the country. But we must pass through it if we would reach the mountains. We have water, and we have ten days provisions. If we can find no game, we can, if we are driven to it, kill our horses and mules for

food. How many are ready then to push on?"

Every man sprang to his feet. And "I! I, sir," rang out across the prairie.

They were now at the base of the foot hills. Full in front of them lay the white topped Rockies.

"We must leave behind," said Fremont, "everything we do not really need."

Then the men all set to work. They dug a great hole in the forest, and laid in all the baggage. They took the wagons to pieces and laid them, too, in the hole.

Then they covered them over with turf and dry leaves. No one would have dreamed that any change had been made in the soil.

"Now if a rain would come and pack down these leaves, no one could suspect us," said Fremont.

The men went back to their tent. But hardly had they reached it when down came a cyclone. It caught the tent up as if it were a mere leaf. It upset the barometer and dashed it against the ground, and broke the thermometer in bits.

This loss was serious; for Fremont wished to test the temperature of the mountain peaks, and had brought the thermometer all this distance.

A few days later, in crossing the Green River, the boat was upset in the rapid current. Crash went the barometer upon the rocks; and when they picked it up, the tube was broken in the middle.

This was a sad loss to Fremont, for now he would have no way of measuring the height of the peaks.

"Perhaps it can be repaired yet," Fre-

mont said. So he set to work. For two whole days he worked. First he made glue from the hoofs and horns of the buffalo. Then he filed down a piece of horn till it was flexible and so that it could be seen through.

This he bound around the tube and held it in place with the thick glue. Then they tested the barometer, and to their delight, found that it was all right.

"Now for the highest peak!" shouted Fremont.

The next morning every man ate a hearty breakfast. They filled their knapsacks and hid the rest of their food under the rocks.

Then the men saddled their mules and started up the mountains. Sometimes they went up places so steep that the men had to lie flat on the mules' backs. Sometimes they

PIKE'S PEAK FROM THE GATEWAY OF THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

went through places so dark they could hardly see the rock beneath their feet.

Once they came to a wall of rock, thousands of feet high.

At the end of this wall they found lakes in the solid rock.

But the explorers were now nearing the top of the mountain. It was the very highest in the range, and they were ambitious to stand on its very top.

So their mules were left to graze — indeed there would have been no grass for them farther up — and the men set off alone.

The air grew thinner and thinner. It was cold and hard to breathe. The men put on moccasins, for often they had to creep on their hands and feet. Often there were only crevices for them to set their grasp upon.

But at last the peak was reached! The

highest peak in all the Rockies. Around it lay snow and ice. One by one, the men crept up on the topmost rock; for it was very small — only about three feet wide. But every man stood upon it, one at a time.

Then they placed their barometer to estimate the height. It was 13,570 feet above the sea level.

They gathered a few flowers that grew there even on the very edge of the snow, and placed them in books to carry back to Washington.

Then they raised the stars and stripes, and gave three rousing cheers for America! The greatest country in all the world they were sure!

But the air was so cold and thin, and even a little exertion made the men so breathless, they were glad to descend.

Their return east — by way of the Platte, this time — was happy and successful. And in a few weeks the party reached Washington ready to report to the government their story of the wonderful Rockies.

FORT BENT.

A SECOND EXPEDITION.

Fremont's success encouraged him to set out on a second expedition.

At Fort Bent he again engaged Carson for a guide, and they set off for the Sacramento Valley.

They reached the Bear River and rowed up twenty miles, till they came upon Great Salt Lake.

From here they pushed onward to the territory of the Pierced Noses, in California. This was as far as Fremont cared to go; for from here another explorer took up the line and carried it to the coast.

It was now nearly midwinter. Still Fremont was unwilling to return by the old

AMONG THE PIERCED NOSES.

route. "It would be a waste of time," he said. "Let us take another route and so discover something new."

The route chosen this time was by way of Tlamath Lake,— a route unknown even to Carson. But the men were ready to follow their leader, and they set out bravely.

There were only twenty-five of them, and some of them were very young. But they were daring, every one; and Fremont felt secure.

Two Indian guides were engaged, and they made their way first to Tlamath Lake. The lake was rather a disappointment; for they found it only a shallow basin.

With no guide except their compasses, they pushed on to Mary's Lake. They found themselves now in a land of cold and famine.

In one place they had to stop and dig

their way through a wall of snow twenty feet deep.

In this bitter cold, their pack horses were lost, and many of the men died from exhaustion.

They reached Fort Sutter in May — and a pitiful party it was that staggered into the fort, ragged and sick and half starved.

Here at Fort Sutter they rested for several days. But as soon as it seemed wise, Fremont set out again homeward.

It had not been a successful expedition; men had suffered and died; and no great discovery had been made.

Still it had proved the courage of the explorers more, perhaps, than had the first expedition; and the name of Fremont was honored by his countrymen.

It was not very long before he set out

on another expedition. Again he engaged Kit Carson as guide, and they set out for Sutter's Fort.

Much of the journey lay over the old ground; but the company was better prepared this time, and so suffered less.

At Sutter's Fort they again rested and refilled their wagons with provisions.

It was well they had this rest; for hardly had they set out again when they met a body of Mexicans.

The Mexicans were led by General Castro, who meant to drive back any Americans who attempted to come near their border lands.

This was not long before the war between Mexico and America broke out. And in this war we shall soon learn that Fremont and Carson both fought bravely for their country.

There were four hundred of these Mexicans; but they hesitated to attack Fremont's little party. They knew that it was a bold, daring company, even if small.

So they waited until they could get the Apache Indians to help them.

Fremont, of course, knew nothing of all this; and suddenly down poured the Apaches — a thousand of them — upon the valley.

"We must not stay here," said Fremont. "This basin is the worst possible place. The enemy can surround us and pour their arrows down upon us."

Then a council of war was held. Carson, who knew the ways of Indians, advised that they keep a sharp watch on the enemy. And when they were least suspecting it, rush upon them.

"This is the surest way," said Carson, to deal with savages."

"You are right," said Fremont. Then Fremont made Carson lieutenant, and they marched forward.

They marched some fifty miles before they reached the place where the Indians were camped.

They marched very slowly, so that the horses should not be exhausted. For they would need them in the attack. Two scouts kept on a mile ahead of the party. One night, just at sunset, they came hurrying back.

"We have found them!" they cried. "They are in the camp beside the lake. They are off guard. They are getting ready for the night. They are not even on the watch!"

Fremont and Carson hurried forward to see for themselves. It was as the scouts had said.

"Now is our time!" said Carson.

Then they went back to the men and prepared them for an attack.

"Our best way will be this," said Carson. "Wait till the savages are asleep. Then rush in upon them. Howl and yell and fire! Make the greatest possible noise! Throw them into confusion! Make them think there are ten thousand of us! If we can do this we can rout them!"

At midnight Fremont's party had crept close up to the camp of the enemy. The savages were sound asleep.

Then Fremont's men scattered themselves around the outside of the camp on all sides. Every man was mounted. Rifles were ready.

When all was ready, Fremont gave the signal! And with a whoop the little band bounded into the camp.

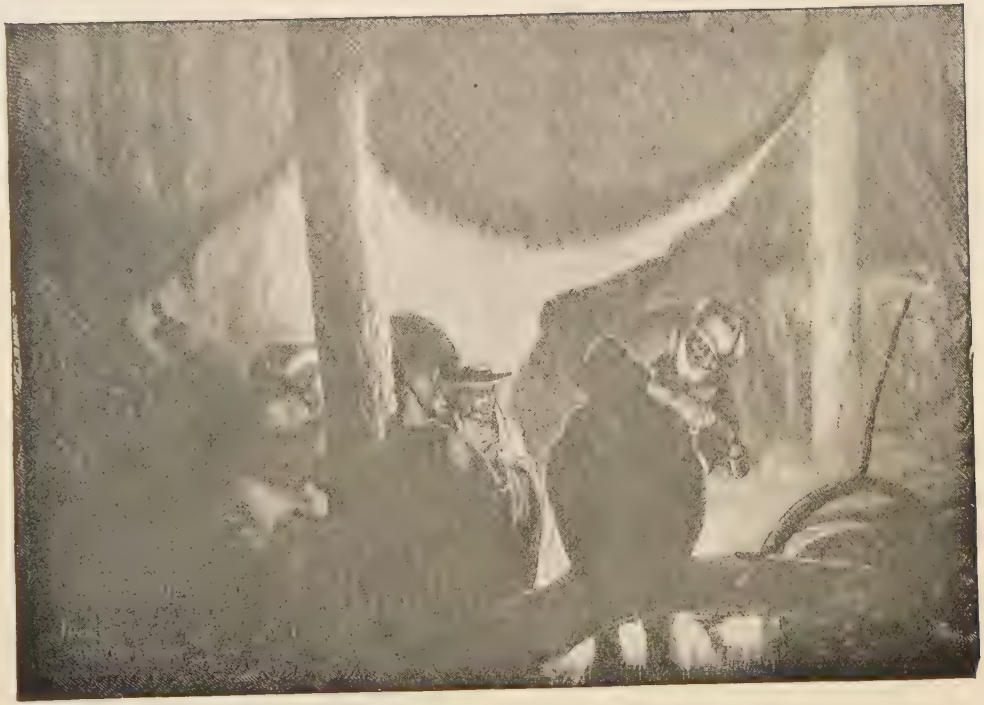
The Indians sprang up bewildered. They looked out of their wigwams. As soon as a head appeared, the white men discharged their rifles upon him.

Bang! bang! bang! Whoop! whoop! whoop! No sooner did an Indian appear than he was shot down.

Bullets rained in upon the wigwams. Indians fell in tens and twenties.

Then panic seized them! They dared not raise an arrow even. But creeping out from beneath their wigwams, they ran like hares into the forests.

It was a great victory. A complete victory; and one that taught the Indians a lesson they did not soon forget.



FREMONT'S MEN SURPRISED.

After this Fremont went back to Lanson's Post for ammunition and provisions.

Then he started off northward, meaning to make his way into Oregon.

One day, as they were journeying along, two white men came hurrying to meet them. This was a surprise. And a greater surprise still when Fremont saw they were two men who had served with him in the first expedition.

Quickly the men told their story. Lieutenant Gilespie with a small band of explorers, was encamped not far away. They were nearly starved, and were in danger of attack from the savages.

These men had been sent out in the hopes of finding Fremont's party.

Without further words Fremont, with ten of his strongest men, set out with food for Gilespie's party.

For sixty miles they traveled through the rough country; and at last found the little band hidden in a pass in the mountains.

Glad indeed was Gilespie for food and help. The two men sat by their camp fire talking till midnight. All the men, tired with their long march, were sound asleep. No one dreamed of danger.

But at midnight, without a sound of warning, down came the savages. A whoop, a yell, and they were upon them.

It was the Tlamath chief and fourteen of his warriors.

A hot fight followed. The Tlamath

chief himself was slain at last, however; and as he fell the savages fled.

All night long the white men lay in the tall grass expecting another attack. None came. And in the morning they gathered up their own dead, carried them into the forest and covered them over with leaves and boughs of trees.

Fremont's party was angry when they heard of this massacre, and thirsted for revenge.

"Come on!" said Carson. And with a picked half dozen he started off for the Tlamath Lake camp. It was easy to find; and without mercy Carson charged upon it, drove the frightened warriors in all directions and burned every wigwam of their village.

From the dispatches Gilespie had brought, Fremont learned that war was now declared

between Mexico and America. The Indians were allied to the Mexicans. Therefore they were eager now to attack the explorers for two reasons.

Fremont's party now went down the Sacramento to learn, if possible, the plans of the Mexicans.

Soon the Mexicans attacked a garrison at Sonoma, and carried off a large amount of ammunition.

"We will kill every American in California!" said the Mexican general.

"We will see!" said Fremont. And he got together an army and marched towards the Mexican camp.

The Mexicans heard that Fremont was coming. They forgot to boast now, and began to run away.

For six days they ran, Fremont follow-

ing. Fremont took several prisoners and then turned back. So successful had he been, that men came to join his army from all over the state.

With this army Fremont again set out. This time to Los Angeles, where General Castro was stationed.

"We will demolish the Mexican army this time," said Kit Carson.

And so they would have, had not Castro again fled.

This was a cowardly flight; for Castro had twice as many men as Fremont had.

But he knew the kind of men Fremont had. That was why he fled. And Fremont took Los Angeles without a struggle.

California was now free from Mexican rule — and Fremont was made governor.

For a time all went well, Carson was

sent to Washington to tell all that had happened in the far west. It was a perilous journey, and Carson was the only man who knew the route well enough to attempt it.

At this time Commodore Stockton sailed for San Diego. Now Stockton had command of southern California; and as soon as he went away, the Mexicans came creeping back. They recaptured Los Angeles and many other places. Fremont began to grow uneasy. He watched eagerly for the return of Kit Carson. He needed reinforcements. And he longed to go again into battle.

Kit Carson at last came back; and with him came General Kearny, with a force of several hundred.

At once Kearny took charge of the California army, Fremont joined him and war began again in that state.

In the south, Fremont and Kearny were attacked suddenly by a great force of Mexicans. There were twice as many Mexicans, and for a time the Americans seemed lost.

But they drew off into a timberland and threw up intrenchments.

Here the Mexicans attacked them and a hot battle followed.

Then the Mexicans settled down for a siege.

"We are lost," said Fremont's men.

"We can hold out only a few days. Our food will give out."

"There is but one hope," said Kit Carson. "We must have help. We must get word to the army at San Diego."

"But how can we get through the enemy's lines? They are all around us. We are hemmed in by them."

"But we've got to get through!" was Carson's answer. "It is our only chance."

Then Carson with one companion set out.

At midnight they crept out from the timber. Carson had learned from the Indians how to crawl along through the grass.

In this way they reached the first line of guards. The sentinels were on the watch, but they did not see the two men crawling along so near them.

Sometimes they would lie still for a whole half hour till a sentinel walked to the other end of his line.

Sometimes the sentinels came so near, they were sure he must see them.

At last they had passed this line of sentinels. Then they took off their boots, lest their steps, even now, should be heard by

some scout, and ran in their bare feet over the rocks and briars and across the sharp, stubby grass.

But Commodore Stockton was reached! Forces were sent; and the little army in the timber land was saved from massacre.

But it had been a terrible journey. For two months Carson was unable to step, and it was two years before his companion was able to take his place in the army again. But these brave men made no complaint; both were proud that they had done their country such service; and for it their country did not fail to give them honor.

So the war went on in California. Fremont and Kearny always victorious, though the Mexican forces were so large and strong.

At last, one day, the Mexican forces started north towards Fremont's camp.

At a short distance they halted and sent forward their messengers. The Mexican general wished to speak with Fremont and Kearny. They had come to surrender their arms; they had come to give themselves up prisoners of war. This was the end of hostilities, and the country over which Mexico and the United States were disputing, now came into the possession of the United States.

Gladly and generously General Kearney wrote to Washington this letter.

"This morning Lieutenant Colonel Fremont, of the regiment of mounted riflemen, reached here with four hundred volunteers from Sacramento. The enemy surrendered to him yesterday, agreeing to lay down their arms. We have now the prospect of peace in this part of the country."

When the war was over all these brave

men went to Washington; and you may be sure that not least among the many heroes were Fremont and his brave guide Kit Carson.

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